

# Animals

OUR DUMB

JANUARY

1951



STATE LIBRARY  
OF  
MASSACHUSETTS

"WHAT BIG TEETH YOU HAVE, GRANDMA!"

—Photo, Louis A. Puggard

JAN 19 1953



VOLUME 84 — NO. 1

# Animals

JANUARY, 1951

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, 1868

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS  
AND  
AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW

Asst. Editor — KATHARINE H. PIPER

★

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per year—\$1.50. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.00 each. Single copies, \$.15.

★

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

## IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly type-written, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.

★

Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Re-entered as second class matter, July 3, 1950, at the Post Office at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103 Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 13, 1919.

## Officers

DR. ERIC H. HANSEN, President  
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, Chairman of Board  
WILLIAM A. SWALLOW, Secretary  
WILLIAM H. POTTER, JR., Treasurer—Exec. Vice-Pres., First Boston Corp.  
EUNICE C. PICKETT, Asst. Treasurer

★

ALBERT A. POLLARD  
Director of Education

GERRY B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.  
Director of Veterinary Medicine

PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, Counsel

★

## Trustees of Permanent Funds

JOHN R. MACOMBER, Director, First Boston Corporation  
CHARLES G. BANCROFT, Attorney, Trustee and Corporation Official  
CHARLES E. SPENCER, JR., Chairman of the Board, First National Bank of Boston

★

J. ROBERT SMITH  
Asst. to the President

JOSEPH P. MOONEY  
Nat'l. Field Secretary

JOHN C. MACFARLANE  
Dir. Livestock Loss Prev.

MARGARET J. KEARNS  
Dir. Public Relations

## Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

### Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Tel. (complaints, Ambulances) LONGWOOD 6-6100

HERMAN N. DEAN, Chief Officer

HOWARD WILLARD GERALD E. GRIFFIN

L. WILLARD WALKER and HARRY L. ALLEN, Consultants

### County Prosecuting Officers

HERMAN N. DEAN, Boston Middlesex and Norfolk

JOHN T. BROWN, Wrentham Essex

HARRY C. SMITH, Worcester Worcester

CHARLES E. BROWN, New Bedford Bristol and Plymouth

HAROLD G. ANDREWS, Hyannis Barnstable

WILLIAM D. JONES, D.V.M., Edgartown

T. KING HASWELL, Pittsfield Dukes and Nantucket

CHARLES MARSH, Springfield Berkshire

Hampden, Hampshire and Franklin

### Rest Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter Methuen

JOSEPH E. HASWELL, Superintendent

### Other Small Animal Shelters of M. S. P. C. A.

Boston, 180 Longwood Avenue

Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street

Pittsfield, 224 Chestnut Road

Littleboro, 25 Commercial Avenue

Hyannis, State Road, Rte. 28, Centerville

Wrentham, Cherry Street

Brockton, 226 Pearl Street

Martha's Vineyard, Edgartown

Nantucket, Airport Avenue

### Branches and Auxiliaries

Northampton Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A. — WALTER PRINCE, Pres.; MISS FLORENCE E. YOUNG, Treas.

Holyoke Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A. — ARTHUR RYAN, Pres.; BROOKS WHITE, Treas.

Martha's Vineyard Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A. — MISS KATHARINE CORNELL, Chairman; MISS KATHARINE M. FOOTE, Mgr.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary — MRS. WILLIAM J. WARNER, Pres.; MRS. MAGNUS PETERSON, Treas.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary — MRS. ALFRED H. HILDRETH, Pres.; MRS. WILBERT E. UNDERWOOD, Treas.

## American Humane Education Society

ALBERT A. POLLARD, Director of Education

### Educational Staff

Mrs. Edward Bidwell Miss Mildred F. Donnelly  
Miss Dorothea Clark Miss Lucia F. Gilbert  
Mrs. Raymond Rhine

### Field Representative

Dr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Rowley School of Human Understanding  
Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, Georgia  
Foreign Corresponding Representatives

E. J. H. Escobar ..... Colombia  
Luis Pareja Cornejo ..... Ecuador  
S. C. Batra ..... India  
Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton ..... Madeira  
Feridun Ozgur ..... Turkey

★

## Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

180 Longwood Avenue Boston, Mass.  
Tel. LONGWOOD 6-6100

### Veterinarians

GERRY B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D., Chief of Staff  
C. LAWRENCE BLAKELY, V.M.D., Dir. of Surgery  
TODD O. MUNSON, V.M.D.  
RUDOLPH H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.  
DAVID L. COFFIN, V.M.D., Pathologist  
WILLIAM A. WILCOX, D.V.M.  
MARVIN ROTHMAN, V.M.D.  
ELIZABETH A. FORTUNE, V.M.D.  
ERWIN F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M., Consultant

Rowley Memorial Hospital and Shelter, Springfield  
Telephone 4-7353

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.  
CHARLES MARSH, Prosecuting Officer  
CHARLENA B. KIBBE, Field Secretary

### Veterinarians

ALEX R. EVANS, V.M.D., Chief of Staff  
ROBERT L. LEIGHTON, V.M.D.  
FRED L. KEEFE, D.V.M.  
DERWIN W. ASHCRAFT, D.V.M.

Martha's Vineyard & Nantucket Clinic & Hospital  
WILLIAM D. JONES, D.V.M., Veterinarian in Charge

F  
Per

## *The New Year*

ONCE again we wish our readers the happiest New Year that life's circumstances make possible. May the year 1951 be one of peace and harmony, not only in our country, but the world over.

Among those who read these words will be the many who have made possible the ever-broadening work of our two Societies, in behalf of those unfortunate creatures who are so little able to defend themselves from cruelty.

To those faithful and generous friends, whose gifts reach all the way from what they call a trifle, but which have meant sacrifice and self-denial, to those who out of greater abundance have aided us, and as Dr. Rowley has said, to those who, no longer here, have remembered us in the final distribution of their estates—we offer our sincerest, heartfelt gratitude.

We shall never forget that we are but their agents to carry out their purpose to lessen the suffering of defenseless animals and to widen by every possible means at our command the influence of those principles of justice and compassion which are the two great characteristics of humane education.

The yesterday of the cause we represent gives us courage to face tomorrow with larger hopes and faith in the future.

E. H. H.

# Mary's Little Lamb

MANY readers will be surprised to learn that the old familiar nursery rhyme which begins "Mary had a little lamb" was written about a real girl, Mary Sawyer, who raised the lamb on her father's farm near Sterling, Massachusetts, about 140 years ago. The new-born lamb had been deserted by its mother; but Mary, being kind-hearted, made a pet of it, fed the little creature until it could eat for itself, and even took it to school with her, which, as the rhyme says, "made the children laugh and play." A neighbor, John Roulstone, visited the country school, saw Mary and her pet, and wrote the now famous jingle.

In 1830, when Sarah Josepha Hale was getting up a book which she called *Poems for Children*, she included Roulstone's ditty, adding a few verses

of her own to it. At the time the book came out, Mary was a 24-year-old school teacher. Later she became the wife of Columbus Tyler, of Boston, and they lived in that big city.

One day Boston's Old South Church was badly in need of repair. Mrs. Tyler helped to raise funds for it with the aid of two little old pairs of stockings which she had worn as a girl and which she had saved for many years. Those stockings had been woven from her lamb's wool. Fastening bits of ravel from those stockings to small cards, she wrote her name on each card and a brief history of the lamb and the nursery jingle. People paid \$100 apiece for the mementoes. Every cent went to the church. Mary Sawyer Tyler died in 1889, at the age of eighty-three.

—Freeman H. Hubbard

## Another Beautiful Friendship

THE cat, "Patricia," was born in our home and we kept her because of her beautiful markings. When she was two years old, we were given a tiny toy terrier puppy that was so small we could hold her curled up in one hand. We named the puppy, "Looney."

Patricia was much larger than the dog and for a time we worried for fear that the cat would harm the new puppy.

But, as does happen at times, Patricia liked Looney. The two ate together, slept together and played together.

Looney grew and became about the same size as Patricia and still the friendship continued. Patricia is now eight years old and Looney six. You can see from the picture that they still adore each other.

—Louise Magaw Ackerman



## Here and There

### This Is Today

TODAY is here. I will start with a smile, and resolve to be agreeable. I will not criticize. I refuse to waste my valuable time.

Today has one thing in which I know I am equal with others—time. All of us draw the same salary in seconds, minutes, hours.

Today I will not waste my time, because the minutes I wasted yesterday are as lost as a vanished thought.

Today I refuse to spend time worrying about what might happen. I am going to spend my time making things happen.

Today I am determined to study to improve myself, for tomorrow I may be wanted, and I must not be found lacking.

Today I am determined to do things I should do. I firmly determine to stop doing the things I should not do.

Today I begin by doing, and not wasting my time. In one week I will be miles beyond the person I am today.

Today I will not imagine what I would do if things were different. They are not different. I will make success with what material I have.

Today I will stop saying, "If I had time," for I never will "find time" for anything—if I want time I must take it.

Today I will act toward other people as though this might be my last day on earth. I will not wait for tomorrow. Tomorrow never comes.

—Sunshine Magazine

PERSONALLY I am convinced that man cannot thrive indefinitely in the hothouse atmosphere we are creating. I believe that for permanent survival, he must balance science with other qualities of life, qualities of body and spirit as well as those of mind—qualities he cannot develop when he lets mechanics and luxury insulate him too greatly from the earth to which he was born.

—Charles A. Lindbergh

THINK not so much of what thou hast not, as of what thou hast; but of the things which thou hast, select the best, and reflect how eagerly they would have been sought if thou hadst them not.

—Marcus Aurelius





Photo, Military Air Transport Service

Here is one USAF MATS dog-sled team with trainer, S/Sgt. Charles O. Laine, in the foreground, and his assistants, Cpl. Roland E. Rhodes and Sgt. Nicholas Klimis in the background.

**Man's best friend is being trained for—**

# Canine Mercy Missions

**By Richard LaCoste**

**S**TOP the average man in the street, tell him Uncle Sam's using dogs in the Air Force, and he'll probably scratch his head in wonder and say, "Well—anything's possible in this atomic age!"

That's true. Anything is possible in this atomic age. What's more, Uncle Sam is using dogs in the Air Force.

That's not all. Not only is the USAF using dogs, but it's using them for the most humanitarian purpose possible—mercy missions in the wilderness of Far North Arctic stations.

Out on the frozen wastes of Labrador, where the williwaw wails and the sun often is a figurative spot in the sky, men get lost easily. At best, man has a poor sense of direction. Perhaps that's why God made man's best friend, the dog.

In Goose Bay, Labrador, the Air Rescue Service of the United States Air Force maintains nine rescue dogs for just that purpose. They are part of a group of fifty similar huskies in that area. These pure bred huskies have established enviable records of endurance, loyalty and devotion to man. Their trainers are airmen wise in the ways of our four-footed friends.

Six to thirty-two huskies form a MATS

dog-team. Most of these teams are capable of making 35-mile straight runs either in training or on mercy missions. Properly paced, these teams can double their straight runs with ease.

Approximately seven months are required to train a huskie for the lead dog-team position—the most important. Typical training day for the mercy mission huskies might include a trial run around the Goose Bay airport, a two-day trek through Newfoundland's hilly country or even a parachute jump from an airplane. When necessary to aid snowbound personnel on their mercy missions, the dogs are parachuted as much as several hundred miles from their home base.

Mercy mission-trained huskies are as great a group of dogs as you'll find anywhere in the world. Their stamina and strength insure their survival under weather conditions that would freeze a man in a few hours. Theirs is a greatness that comes with tough training and kind treatment.

The training of the Air Rescue service huskie begins when he is a tiny puppy. The dogs are trained in pairs to acclimate them against the day when they

will pull together in pairs, side by side. A miniature sled is first used.

Reaching their prime at about four years of age, they retain that status until they are seven. One veteran named "Pat," served with Admiral Richard E. Byrd on two expeditions to the Antarctica ice floes. He was seventeen when he departed for "dog heaven."

A typical rescue mission calls for the parachuting of a sled to the helpless snowbound personnel below. This sets the target. The lead dog then drops and is followed immediately by his airman-trainer. Rations and the remaining dog-team members follow. When all are reassembled, the dogs are harnessed to the sled and the mercy mission begins.

To be lost and helpless in the Far North's frozen wastes is dangerous and the dogs often mean the difference between life and death.

This is the atomic age, to be sure. But then, man's best friend has belonged to all ages. It is unlikely that the atomic age will change his status.

Less likely is it that man would want to, if he could.

# 200-Mile Rescue

By Freeman H. Hubbard

**A**MONG the unsung heroes of the old Texas frontier more than sixty years ago was a faithful shepherd dog whose name is not recorded. This dog belonged to two mining engineers, J. P. Andrews and W. P. Wiseall, and in January, 1889, accompanied them on a long wagon trip from Colorado to San Antonio. Enroute, they visited a camp of Texas Rangers at Ysleta, Texas. The Rangers warned them not to take the direct route to their destination, because Indians were on the war path along that trail.

But the men disregarded this advice. They pushed on by the short cut. One night they were attacked by a few Indians, but drove the redskins off. The retreating savages took away all of the white men's horses. Thus Andrews and Wiseall were left alone with their dog and a wagon but no horses, about 75 miles from the nearest settlement, on the Pecos River, and 100 miles from the Ranger's camp at Ysleta. There was nothing to do but set out afoot for help.

To guard against the Indians returning and stealing their wagon and supplies, they set up two scarecrows to look like men, told the dog to guard the place and left him a side of bacon and a sack of corn to eat. Then they headed toward the Pecos River.

That night they walked about 25 miles. At sunup they came upon a hostile Indian band, but found refuge on a peak of the Guadalupe Mountains. Making their weary way back to their camp, they discovered the dog still on guard. The reunion was touching.

The men rested there a few hours, meanwhile binding their feet with gunny sack, for their shoes were hopelessly worn out. Then once more they told the dog to hold the fort till they returned, and began the long terrible hike of 100 miles through the uninhabited country to Ysleta. Their trek is a saga of the Old Southwest. On January 18th they staggered into the Ranger's camp and gasped out their story.

"We can't let that dog starve to death," said the commander, Lieut. George W. Baylor, who was familiar with the rigors of frontier travel. He assigned Sergt. J. B. Gillett and eight privates to bring back the shepherd dog. While the exhausted mining engineers were sick in bed at the Ranger camp, the nine men rode to the abandoned stage station at Crow Flats.

The dog, thin, weak, but undaunted, challenged them from a crumbling stone wall on which he had taken a stand. For fifteen days that loyal animal had fought off coyotes and other varmints, waiting for his owners to return as they had promised. All his bacon and most of his corn were gone. When Gillett let the dog smell a coat belonging to one of his masters, the animal was convinced that the horsemen had come as friends. He leaped up and down with joy. He howled. He ran around from one man to another, licking their hands. Then Gillett led the dog and the wagon back to the two mining engineers. The round trip of 200 miles took them a week.

"The Rangers," he reported to Lieutenant Baylor, "were as much delighted as if it had been a human being they had rescued."

# Strange Children

By Ida M. Pardue

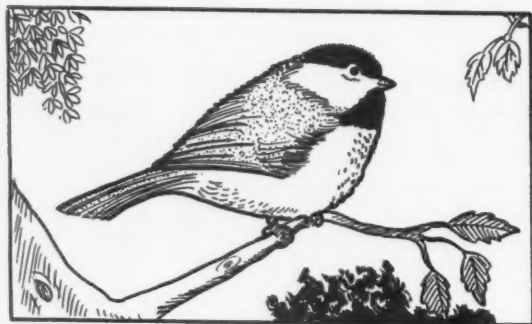
**D**ID you know that animals, as well as people, often adopt babies? Sometimes they choose strange children!

For instance, there was "Tabby," the mother cat who raised—a pig! Mrs. Cat and Mrs. Sow lived on the same farm. They had babies about the same time. One day, Tabby left her four kittens to pay a visit to Mrs. Sow. There she noticed that one baby pig was not well. Perhaps Tabby thought that Mrs. Sow was not taking good care of her sick baby. At any rate, Tabby picked the tiny pig up in her mouth as if it were a kitten, and took it home. Piggy was raised along with Tabby's four kittens, and was soon well.

On another farm a big-hearted nanny goat took over the care of a baby horse. The colt's mother had died, and the little horse was getting very hungry when Mrs. Nanny decided to take over his feeding. There was just one problem. The colt was much taller than the goat. But the goat knew what to do about this, too. She simply got up on a bale of hay. Then the colt could reach her easily.

A cow named "Callahan" loved babies so much that she tried to be a mother to every other calf in sight, besides her own. And in her lifetime Callahan played mama to such odd babies as two bear cubs, a kitten, and even a sea-lion!

A really strange "mother" was a daddy chicken—a bantam rooster who helped a mother dog raise her large family of eight cocker spaniel babies.



**AIR**  
BEING A POOR CONDUCTOR  
OF HEAT IS THE REASON  
BIRDS RUFFLE THEIR  
FEATHERS IN COLD WEATHER  
THEY ENTANGLE THE AIR  
BETWEEN THEIR FEATHERS.  
THESE AIR-FILLED SPACES  
HELP THE BIRD KEEP ITS  
**BODY HEAT**

# Canine Celebrity

By E. M. Clifton



This is "Brownie" in a typical pose.

THE brakes squealed, there was a thud, and there lay "Brownie!" An automobile, trying to beat the red light had not noticed the big, brown mongrel dog crossing, as he should, on a green light, and had knocked him down.

This was not the end of Brownie's life, but rather the start of a great new one, wherein Brownie plays a prominent part. He is now a leading citizen of Daytona Beach. Has a tax-free home in the heart of the city and a bank account in his own name!

Brownie's friends, the taxi drivers at the busy corner, picked him up and one of them rushed him to the veterinary, where luckily he was found to be not badly injured. He had to spend some time in the hospital and during that time, the taxi drivers got busy and built him a fine house on the sidewalk by the taxi stand. They wrote an article about Brownie and put it in the local paper. Donations came pouring in!

No one knows where Brownie came from. About a dozen years ago he appeared one day and took up residence at the taxi stand. During the day he would wander up and down the busy sidewalk, stopping to wag his tail and smile at all who patted him. He would spend hours curled up at the feet of an old woman who daily sat on one of the sidewalk benches crocheting baby things, which she sold to earn her living.

Nearby restaurants got to know and like the big, gentle, brown dog and regularly he called at their back doors for his meals.

So much money poured in in response to the newspaper article about Brownie's accident that by the time he was able to be out and occupy his new home, he had enough, after his hospital bills were paid, to open a bank account. This was done by one of his taxi-driver friends, a savings account in his own name. Now when he wanted a bath, or a check-up, he could pay for it!

A year ago the famous cow, "Elsie," and her six-weeks-old son, "Beauregard," were spending a few days at the Sheraton Plaza Hotel, in Daytona Beach, Florida. Brownie had a date one morning with Beauregard. The two of them met in front of the Florida Bank and Trust Company, where Brownie had his account, entered the bank while he withdrew one dollar. Then they went down the street to a drug store and at a booth in the rear of the store they were photographed with sodas on the table between them.

Publicity doesn't mean much to old Brownie. Beauregard and his famous mother, Elsie, the Borden cow, are used to it. Brownie is just the community dog, happy to snooze in the sun in winter, or in his cool house, in summer, alongside his pals, the taxi drivers, and dreaming of the days before he became a moneyed dog!

## Act of Kindness Saved Many Lives' . . . . . By B. Lara Cluff

HE was just a little mongrel. A dirty little white dog who sniffed about garbage cans. Who had lonely sparkles in his brown eyes. Who followed the boy to ten in the morning Sunday School at 44th Street. Then the wind gave the little dog a chance when it blew a paper from the boy's hand.

The dog ran for it—but then he was struck by a rolling bus, and hurled into the gutter. The driver stopped quickly, ran to the mongrel who was still holding the paper in his soggy mouth. The driver picked him up and the mongrel licked his arms whining as he was carried into the bus.

Then, the driver took the dog three miles off his route to a

veterinarian. Not a person in that full bus complained of the hour's delay. When the bus returned to its route a block ahead of 44th Street, the transportation manager shook the driver's hand thankfully. It was then that the driver saw tow trucks, street cleaners and the last of a five car crash. The manager told him that it happened at 10:03 and that if he had not taken the dog for treatment his bus would certainly have been involved.

The driver discovering that he still had the paper that the mongrel had held in his mouth read these words, "Do ye unto me and ye shalt be saved. . . ."





Mrs. Locke with her baby and "Chico."

## "Chico" Spreads the Alarm

*This story, sent to us by Miss Marion Howard, of North Conway, N. H., illustrates the part that man's best friend continually plays in protecting his loved ones.—Editor.*

It was in the winter, when Mrs. Locke, of North Conway, N. H. was awakened by her dog "Chico," a mongrel, barking frantically at her window. The clock beside her bed showed that it was 5:30 in the morning. Rising, with a fast disappearing irritation, she found that

the shed attached to the small house was ablaze.

Mrs. Locke had only time to grab her eleven-month-old baby, arouse her sister with her four-year-old child, and escape with a few clothes. Their home burned to the ground, but thanks to Chico its inhabitants escaped unscathed.

Now, the dog sleeps in the doorway of their bedroom, something he never did before—which makes it quite evident that he does so to guard and protect his beloved family.

## Pig's Ear for Music

By Alvin C. White

**E**VEN pigs have an ear for music. A pair of them, in an experiment at one time, were placed in a room with a phonograph playing the Brandenburg Concerto No. 3. They uncurled their tails and walked round and round, waving them in fairly good time to the music. But, when "The Music Goes Round and Round" was played, the pigs curled up their tails and walked out.

These pigs not only uncurled and waved their tails at good musical rhythm, they also breathed time to the music. Their breathing seemed to grow

progressively shallower and shallower.

This experiment and others of like nature show that there is a sound basis for the musical appreciation of the pig. His ear appears more discriminative of tones than a dog's. One reason for this discrimination in the meaning of tones is probably the fact that the pig's ear possesses one of the longest known cochlea. The cochlea is an inner organ of hearing, shaped somewhat like a small spiral shell. The pig's cochlea is a perfect spiral and has one more turn than the human ear.

## Worth Rescuing

By Mrs. S. Baldridge Blizzard

**O**N a bitter cold night in December, in Houston, Texas, when coming home from hospital duty, I made a short cut through an alley, unable to see well as the snow dimmed my eyes. Upon approaching a trash barrel I heard a pitiful whimper and found a half starved dog curled up under the snow.

Knowing if he remained there he would freeze to death, or in the morning be taken to the dog pound and put out of his misery, I placed him under my cape taking him to my apartment. As dogs were not allowed I hid him in my bedroom till morning when the housekeeper gave permission for him to remain.

Naturally he was infested with fleas, and in many places there was no hair, so I scrubbed him, then dusted him with insect powder, wrapped him in a shawl and placed him near the radiator to dry. As time passed this bag of bones filled out, hair grew in thick and curly, making him quite presentable.

He soon became curious about people passing on the street, finally deciding to make a trip outside. He did not return till the following morning, muddy, tail dragging, never lifting his head when I called him.

Slowly he sat down in the sunlight working at his teeth, till I opened his jaws and found a most expensive diamond brooch caught in the roof of his mouth.

Placing an ad in the paper, I was visited by a young woman dressed in mourning. She claimed the brooch, but refused to accept it unless I permitted her to give me a reward of fifty dollars, which was appreciated as I had been out of a position several days and times were hard. Only a mongrel, but he brought home the bacon in time for my Christmas dinner.

I became attached to the little fellow, but at times was placed in several most embarrassing positions as he often slipped out, bringing home garments he had pulled from different clothes lines; one stocking, but mostly underwear which I had to replace.

The last thing he brought home was a pocket book filled with paper money; ads brought no response, so I placed it in a bank for two years, then claiming it, paid for a needed vacation taking my dog with me. Just a mutt—but worth his weight in gold.



# Animals Harvest for Wintertime

By Jewell Casey

**M**AN is not the only creature that works hard during the summer months laying up food to keep himself and his family through the coming wintertime. There are many animals that work just as hard gathering in grain, hay, meat, nuts and sugar for the time when wintry winds blow and snow and ice covers the earth.

Doubtless the squirrels and bees are the most widely known because of their industrious inclinations. Bees work from early spring until late autumn putting away the winter's supply of food—pure honey sealed in airtight containers of wax.

The squirrel not only puts his food, consisting of nuts and corn, in hollow trees, but he buries many nuts in the ground. Evidently this is done to make sure there will be food even though he might be robbed or have to abandon his store house in the tree. Frequently squirrels either forget where they buried the food, or else had plenty in the "house" and did not need to dig up the buried supplies. Because of this, it is believed that our largest oak and hickory forests were planted by squirrels, as many years ago there were many more squirrels than there are now, and groves of fine trees grew up where once there were only a few.

Other animals that put away food for winter use include field mice, gophers, prairie dogs, beavers, conies and ground squirrels.

Species of mice living in the vicinity of cultivated grain crops "harvest" their food in autumn just a little while before man does. They fill their store rooms with grain and various kinds of grass



Photo by Dante O. Tranquille

*Deer do not store food, but must seek out leaves, shrubs and moss for sustenance.*

seeds. Mice do comparatively little damage to grain crops, but such is not the case with the gopher.

Cousins of mice, gophers dig great tunnels underground and large portions of the tunnels are filled with food to last during wintertime. The grain, nuts and grass seeds are carried to store rooms in cheek pockets of the little rodents. In some states gophers have actually become a real menace to grain growers.

Prairie dogs "make hay while the sun shines." After the grass and tender herbs, which these industrious workers have cut, become thoroughly cured by the sun's rays, the rodents stack the hay in underground barns.

The coney, whose home is on the mountain top, does not sleep without eating during the winter as do the whistling marmots, so it is necessary to put away a supply of food. This he does by cutting grass and making it into hay, then he builds himself a house of his favorite food and lives in the center of the food pile. The house is made of hay which the little animal stacks in crevices in the rocks, frequently using as much as a bushel of hay for his winter home. In the center of the haystack he hollows out a snug nest where he stays and literally eats himself out of house and home! However, this wise little creature has forethought enough

to make more than one house—he makes several. Then if he should be driven from one, or eat so much of one that it no longer furnished protection from the cold, he would have another ready and waiting. This way he is assured of plenty of nourishing hay to munch upon until there is fresh grass to feast upon.

The ground squirrel is a queer little fellow and differs from other rodents that hibernate, in that he has to have a mid-winter meal. The ground squirrel sleeps so soundly during most of the cold weather that he breathes only rarely, yet by the middle of the season his body has used all of the food he ate in late autumn and the pangs of hunger awaken him. Quickly he hastens to his pantry which he stocked in late fall with nuts, berries and seeds and soon fills himself, then he goes back to sleep for the remainder of the winter season.

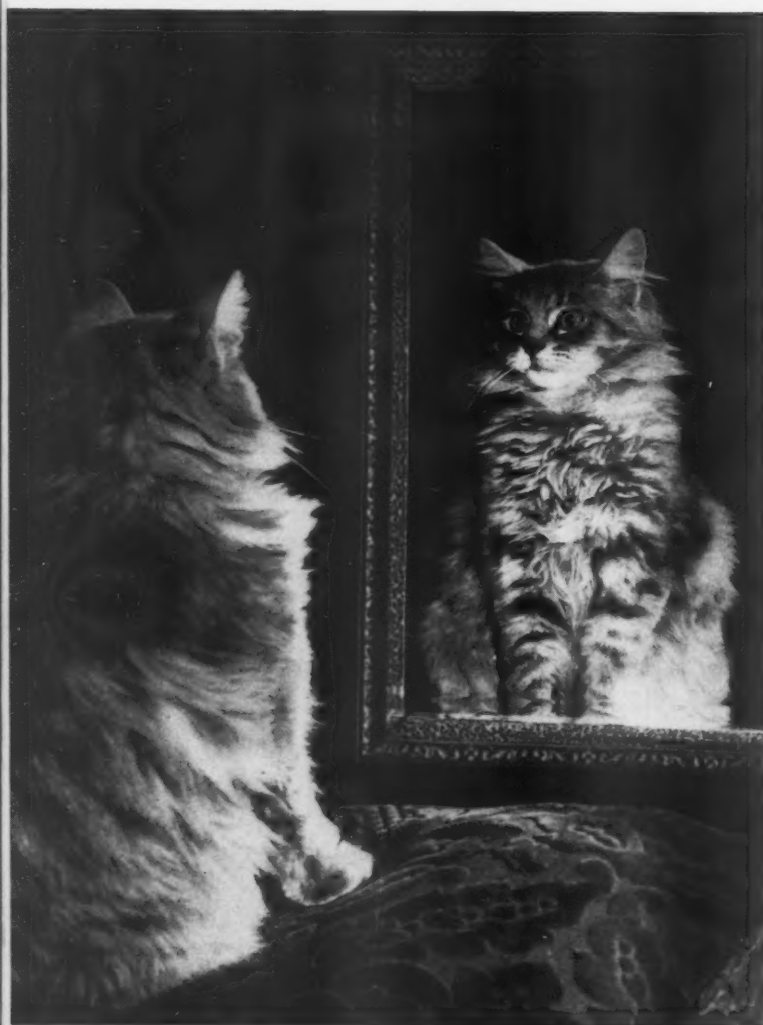
Bears, raccoons, badgers, woodchucks and bats are the others that store up food for the winter months, but they do not put their surplus food in nests, trees or underground barns. Instead, they store up a winter's supply of fat on their bodies. This must be much more convenient because they have the food right with them and do not have to bother about preparing store rooms, or even, have to bother to eat. They automatically, while asleep, draw upon the surplus supply without fuss or bother!



Photo by R. W. Olsen

# Through the Centuries with T

Photo by Lynwood M. Chace



A CHINESE gazes earnestly into the eyes of his cat. Affection? Not at all. He is merely trying to see what o'clock it is. And, by the same token, if his cat is unusually playful, the Chinese knows a storm is coming.

How closely the cat has been wrapped up in the life of man! The beautiful little creature seems first to have appeared in Africa, although Persians and Angoras are Asiatic, and our old "Tabby," tamest of the tame, got her stripes from a strain of European wildcat.

But the cat was first domesticated in ancient Egypt. There it was regarded with the deepest reverence. Dying naturally, it was mourned with elaborate symbols. If killed, its murderer was handed over to the furious mob to be beaten to death.

One Roman very foolishly insulted an Egyptian cat. He started an insurrection. And the Persian king, Cambyses, fighting the Egyptians, was smart enough to have his soldiers use living cats as shields. You are right! The Egyptians, rather than hurt the sacred beasts, let themselves be captured.

In Damascus a cat hospital was built in honor of Mohammed's cat. He was so fond of the little creature, which had a habit of sleeping in his sleeve, that once, rather than disturb her, he cut the sleeve off.

Did you know that a king once made a special decree to fix the prices on cats? He did. This was Howell the Good, King of Wales in the 900's. A kitten, he said, before it could see should cost a penny; before it had caught a mouse, two pence; and after that, four pence, a great sum in those days. *But* — the animal must be perfect in hearing and sight; a good mouser with whole claws; and, if female, a careful nurse. If he failed in any of these conditions, the seller must refund a third of the purchase money.

The cat who guarded the King's granary was held of high importance. Any person who stole or killed it must forfeit

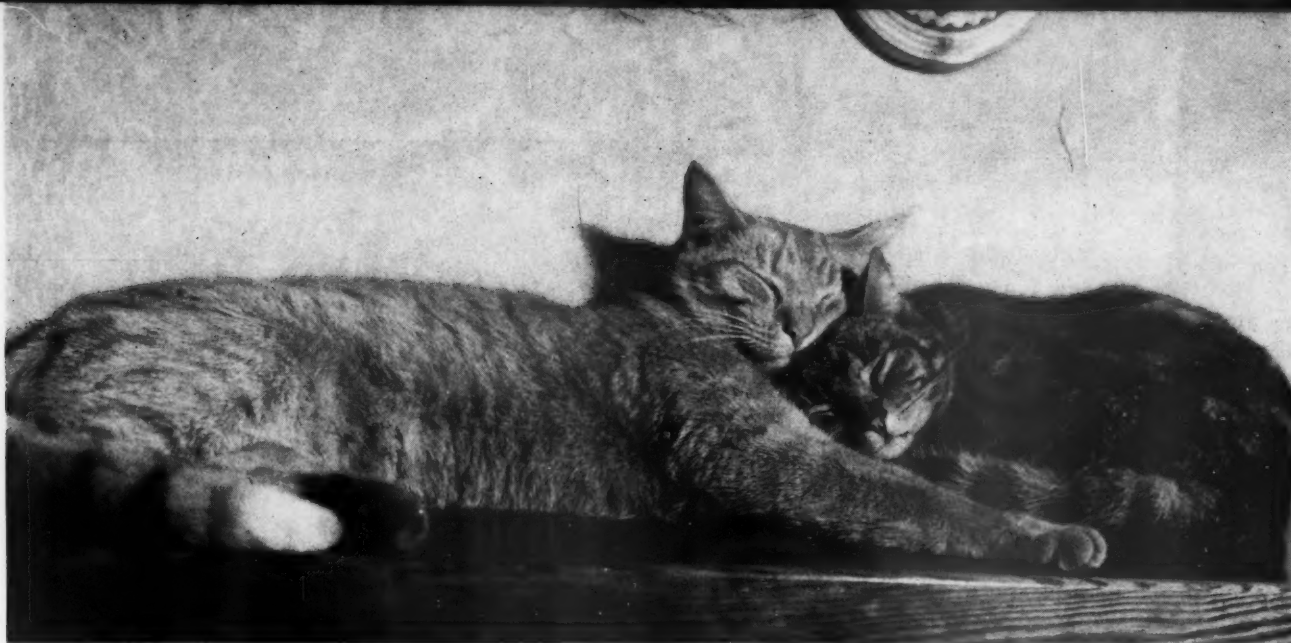


Photo by Margaret Ann Ahlers

# This and That About the Cat

either a milk ewe with her fleece and lamb, or as much wheat as would cover the cat to its tail-tip if suspended by the tail with its nose touching the ground.

But the cat is accomplished as well as good for catching mice. It can sing. Perhaps you don't admire its song but, unlike the dog, the cat has an appreciation of music that can be trained to a high degree. Cats like to walk up and down the piano keys, listening to the notes.

And don't you ever think that cats can't count! A mother cat, checking over her kittens, knows instantly if one is missing.

And cats can talk, in meows as eloquent as words. One very cold night, someone had left the window open in the kitchen where a cat and her small kittens were sleeping. The cat went to her mistress's bed and meowed so piteously that the woman went to the kitchen and closed the window.

Oh, yes, cats can talk. One blind lover of cats compiled a vocabulary of 17 different cat sounds with their meanings; and he claimed that after dark or when Pussy thinks herself unobserved, she uses about 600 more.

A cat will play with her kittens like any human mother with her babies. She will teach them how to catch mice. She will teach them to take care of themselves when sick; to dip a feverish foot in cold water; to lie before a warm fire if they have a cold. And just as American Indians learned from the wolves that a sulphur spring cures rheumatism; from the bear that a red-clay bath will heal wounds; from deer that fresh ferns will cure fever, so Europeans first learned the virtues of catnip, or mint, from watching sick cats.

One old fifteenth century herb doctor wrote: "Cat-mint is of a sharp smel and pierceth into the head. It hath a hot taste, with a certaine bitterness. Nevertheless this pungent mint is a present helpe for them that are bursteen inwardly by means of some fall received from a high place, and that are very much brused, if the iuyce is given with wine or meade."

—Kathleen Blake

Photo by Lynwood M. Chace





## "Chirpy" Returns

By Mae Wooster

The following story was written by Mrs. Mae Wooster, a staff member of the Los Angeles County Public Library.

Capistrano has its swallows which return every year, but the Branches Division has one little red-throated linnet, "Chirpy," who returned to us again last spring, for the second year.

Chirpy had been coming to the fourth floor window ledge for several days, singing above the noise of the traffic, before we first became aware that he had adopted us for his own. His persistent chirping and beautiful singing, that grew louder as the traffic noises increased, drew our attention. We noticed that he came to the ledge the first thing every day as if to say, "Good morning." We bought seed, a drinking cup and bird bath and took turns setting them out on the overhanging ledge.

When he was quite sure the food and water would always be there and that we were friendly, Chirpy brought his bedraggled little mate, also. Through the chill winds and drizzle of spring, the heat and smog of summer, the noise of city traffic, Chirpy sat on the ledge and sang.

One hot day when the windows were opened wide, Chirpy flew into the Library. He hopped along the tops of the record cabinets, looked over the dark rows of bookstacks with their weight of ponderous volumes, blinked at the stupid people working so hard at desks and those clattering machines, then flew out again to his ledge. There he was safe, halfway up to the sky, with food and water at hand, and kind friends within.

Late in September he disappeared but in the spring he was back again despite the fact that our building was being remodeled and scaffolding marred its face. The scaffolding instead of scaring him away, seemed to be an added attraction, and he and his mate hopped from rail to rail, peering in at us.

We hope that the "powers that be" who have decreed that all abutments be removed from the buildings in the down-town Los Angeles area will spare a tiny ledge here and there for Chirpy and his kind. For it is good for us hurried city workers to be reminded that there is another heaven—of birds and flowers and freedom—right here on earth.



Here is "Mandy," in person, going into action.

## "Mandy" Rings the Bell

Photos and Story by courtesy of Greenfield Recorder-Gazette

As everyone knows, dogs seldom ask to enter the house by ringing the doorbell, but "Mandy" is rather handy at that sort of thing.

She should be! The three-year-old Dalmatian has been practising doorbell ringing for nearly two years, just as she is pictured, with her own personal bell.

It all started when Mandy, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Murphy, of Greenfield, Massachusetts, began scratching holes in screen doors and marring the paint when hungry, lonely or just anxious.

To save paint and screen, Mandy's master decided that she should be taught the ways of a lady and, as a result, he rigged up a special circuit-breaker switch connected with the doorbell, which he attached near the back door at paw level.

Soon Mandy found the door quickly opened and all sorts of attention given her, whenever she fooled around with the new contraption. Now she rings

it day or night, when the weather turns bad or when she is hungry. Guests in the home, Mr. Murphy relates, sometimes look a bit puzzled or turn slightly pale when the doorbell rings, the door is opened, and Mandy walks sedately inside—alone. They seldom dare ask questions.



"I'm pretty smart, don't you think?"

# Who's Who in Dogdom

By Jewell Casey

**D**OUBTLESS there has been one dog in your life—one canine friend that surpassed all others in your memory. That one dog seemed more understanding, and more lovable than all others. It was not because the pal was of a certain breed. In fact, it may have been a mongrel. That explains why there are so many types popular with dog fanciers today.

The dog, first animal domesticated by man, now abounds in greater varieties than any other man-tamed animal. There are over 100 recognized varieties or breeds of dogs, ranging in size from tiny lap dogs to such huge animals as the Great Dane and St. Bernard. Not only are they most intelligent and affectionate, but the most loyal of the domestic animals.

While there is no way of knowing exactly just which breeds lead in popularity in the United States, included among the top-ranking canines are these:

The *Collie*, originating in Scotland where it has been used for generations in herding sheep, is known and loved by many people in this country. It is distinctively obedient to command, has few canine equals when it comes to understanding and intelligence. The collie is equally suited for country or city, providing it has playing grounds.

Affectionately known as "Scotty," the *Scottish Terrier*, originating in Scotland, is believed to be the oldest indigenous North British canine. Scotty is more or less a one-man dog, will act coolly polite toward his master's friends, but is quite disdainful of strangers. This dog is courageous, loyal and an excellent house dog.

China's "Lion Dog," the *Pekingese*, so named because of its regal dignity and extreme boldness, originated in China more than 2,000 years ago. This tiny dog is obedient, responds to praise and kindness, and delights in playing.

The *Beagle*, one of the oldest breeds of dogs is said to have originated as a definite breed in England at least four centuries ago. Some say it was so named because when baying, the sound resembles a bugle, while others contend the name is a corruption of the French

word "beigle," meaning small. The Beagle is a very popular house dog, loving, loyal and quiet.

The *Boston Terrier*, one of the very few breeds native to the United States, originated in Massachusetts about 1890. Ideal as a house dog, the Boston Terrier is affectionate and trustworthy, tenacious as a bulldog, and as lively as a terrier.

The quaint looking *Dachshund*, originating in Germany, is very brave, yet gentle and docile and an excellent friend for children. While small and well suited to city life, it is also quite sturdy and readily takes to country ways.

The *Cocker Spaniel* is supposed to have originated in Spain. It is gentle, sweet-tempered, easy to control and adores children and home life. Yet, it is an exceptionally fine watchdog.

The *Bulldog*, originating in England, is a dog that is sadly misunderstood by those who don't know him well. Despite

his savage appearance, the bulldog is one of the most trustworthy, kind and peaceful of all dogs. There could be no finer companion for children than the bulldog—he is always faithful to his charge.

Another English dog, the *Wire-haired Fox terrier*, often called "Whiskers" because he is square-bearded, is strong, very active and adores play time. He is very affectionate with members of his own household and friendly with others. He is very long-lived. A dog of this breed was the favorite pet of King Edward VII of England.

The *German Shepherd*, originating in Northern Europe at an uncertain date, is unusually intelligent and easily trained. He is an excellent watchdog for town or country. He loves members of the family, but ordinarily does not care for strangers.

Here, too, might be included the *Boxer*, a breed that seems to be gaining ground and becoming more popular each year. This smooth-haired dog is of German origin and although he is as ferocious looking as the bulldog, he is certainly not vicious. Rather he is extremely loyal, has great capacity for affection and is courageous and watchful.



Here are two dogs that could give you a lot of fun.

# Dr. Schroeder in Advisory Post

**A**FTER SOME twenty-six years of faithful and outstanding service, Dr. Erwin F. Schroeder, Chief of Staff of our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital has, by his own request, been placed in an advisory capacity by the Society.

Needless to say, Dr. Schroeder will be missed in the active daily routine of our organization—missed for his great knowledge of animal disease and surgery, missed for his leadership and missed for his genial disposition and the merry twinkle in his eyes which endeared him to the entire staff and to the people whose animals he treated. He was, indeed, a great favorite and we look back a year to the celebration that was held in his honor after twenty-five years of service. At that time, many of Dr. Schroeder's colleagues throughout Massachusetts and eighteen young practicing veterinarians from various parts of the country, who served their internship at our Hospital under Dr. Schroeder, gathered to pay him tribute.

At that time, too, it was pointed out that he has treated over 100,000 animals during his long service and has had an active part in every major development in the institution during the time he was with the Hospital. He has been Chief of Staff since 1939 and this period has featured many changes—Distemper Ward, the new Erwin F. Schroeder Surgical Suite, consisting of five rooms and providing the latest in equipment and facilities for animal surgery, operating room, sterilizing and supply rooms, and recovery cages for post-operative cases, a blood bank for use in transfusions, oxygen tank, and many other conveniences for providing the best possible care of the animals. A Department of Pathology has also been opened and many other changes have taken place through these same years.

We wish him the best of everything in the coming years.

And now, at Dr. Schroeder's request, we are very happy to print the following greetings which he sends to the myriads of friends he has made at our Hospital:

"I only wish it were possible for me to tell, in person, each one of my colleagues and each one of the many friends I have made, during my years

at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, how much I am going to miss them all and with what pleasure I look at the many patients I have treated and those animal owners whose anxiety I may have been, in at least some small part, able to assuage.

"I have, indeed, enjoyed my work at the Hospital—enjoyed treating the many pets that were brought to me—enjoyed watching them recover with the knowledge that such recovery would bring happiness to each owner.

"In the last few years, as many of you know, I have been looking forward to taking it a little easier. Notwithstanding my eagerness to continue in the practice of veterinary medicine, I have nevertheless felt that, because my health was not all it should be, it has brought new responsibilities both to myself and to my family. It was because of this fact that I asked and gained the reluctant consent of the Society to take a leave of absence with an easier life to follow.

"Having been associated with Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle during most of my career at the Hospital, I had ample opportunity to evaluate the man who, in my opinion, should be the logical choice to carry on as Chief of Staff. I am happy in knowing that the Society has concurred in choosing Dr. Schnelle to serve in that capacity and I sincerely hope that he will receive the same loyal support given me during my tenure.

"I shall, of course, continue in an advisory capacity at the Hospital for some time and it is my earnest hope that I may be able to give what valuable assistance may be at my command to the advancement of animal treatment and I wish to assure all my friends that I am at their disposal whenever I can be of help.

"May I trespass for just a few more words to express my appreciation for the generous way in which I have been treated by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is only through the kindness of that organization that I am now able to suspend my active duties and look forward to an untroubled life."

—(Signed) Erwin F. Schroeder

## Camps Visited

**C**ONFIDENT that the series of lessons on Humane Education that had been given in twenty-two schools during the past year could be well adapted for girls and boys in summer camps, two of our teachers were enthusiastically received in seventy-six camps this past summer, with an attendance of 6,370 children.

Mrs. Margaret S. Rhine visited camps within a radius of fifty miles of Springfield, and Miss Mildred F. Donnelly visited camps in the area of Boston and Cape Cod. This project was extremely successful, not only because of the information concerning the proper care of pets, but because many of the children were under-privileged, and the subject of animals was a new experience. The opportunity for hikes through the woods to observe bird life, insects, small mammals, and wild flowers under competent leadership brought a deep appreciation of the wonders of the out-of-doors.

The day camp at our farm in Methuen reached 108 children from the St. Anne's Orphanage in Lawrence. While the plans called for a single visit to a camp, many camp directors asked our teachers to return for additional visits, and it was evident they considered the program attractive and valuable. Some directors carried the program topics into other camp activities for the remainder of the season, and several Scout leaders planned to stress the humane approach to the study of animals in their winter Scout work.

The interest in animals shown by the children in all these camps and the need for kindness and consideration give promise of the message of Humane Education becoming far-reaching and assure the continuance of such teaching in summer camps.

—Albert A. Pollard,



At our Rest Farm for Horses in Methuen.



# Hospital Chief Appointed

**D**R. Gerry B. Schnelle, who has been Acting Chief of Staff for some months has recently received his appointment as Chief of Staff of our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Dr. Schnelle was graduated from the Veterinary school of the University of Pennsylvania in 1926, and came directly to our Hospital after graduation. He has served on the staff continuously from that time except for the period between 1943 and 1945 when he took up his duties as captain in the U. S. Army. During those years he was officer in charge of veterinary activities of the War Dog Reception and Training Center, at Front Royal, Va.

Outside of his Hospital duties, Dr. Schnelle served as Associate Editor of the *North American Veterinarian*, 1937-1945; edited the first edition of the *Index of Diagnosis* by Major Hamilton Kirk; past president of the Massachusetts Veterinary Association; Secretary of the Board of Registration of the Veterinary Medical Association in Massachusetts.

In addition to these, Dr. Schnelle is an author and editor in his own right, being the present editor of *Veterinary Excerpts*, author of many articles on veterinary medicine and author of the book entitled *Radiology in Small Animal Practice* which has now gone into a second edition.

And now we want to introduce "Brenda," the dog pictured here with



Photo by Bachrach

Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle and Brenda.

her master. Brenda was a member of the canine corps and served with the Coast Guard for two years on coastal patrol. She received an honorable medical discharge when she contracted filariasis (heart worm). She became a patient at Front Royal and her owners were informed and asked if they would like to have her treated at government expense and then returned to them. Unfortunately it was impossible for them to accept her return and she was rescued by Dr. Schnelle, whose faithful companion she has been ever since.

Dr. Schnelle's home is in Needham, a home shared by his wife and a son and daughter.

We know that his many friends will rejoice in his advancement, confident that under his leadership the Hospital will continue to advance in veterinary techniques and consideration for all animal life.

## Neglect of Horses

**O**NE of our officers was asked to look in at conditions at a stable. On investigation, he found seven horses in the stable, all in poor condition, thin and showing saddle sores. One horse was lying on the ground outside of the stable, thrashing and too weak to get up. There were bruises on the horse's hips where she had fallen. The agent ordered the owner to lay up all the horses and call a veterinarian. He called back later and found that a veterinarian was expected. A close watch will be kept on the stable to see what the outcome will be, and whether conditions are improved.

## Dog Shelters

**O**NE of our agents, with a police officer, calling to investigate the care of puppies, found six puppies and the mother dog in a very crowded, dirty shelter, and the dogs appeared to be hungry. The owner was given twenty-four hours to improve conditions. At a later check the dogs appeared comfortable in a new shelter.

At another place a cocker spaniel was in a shelter with no floor and the dog was obliged to sleep on the damp ground. The water pail contained dirty water. The owner was warned to remedy these conditions, with an adequate shelter and fresh water.

## New Shelter Dedicated

**C**LIMAXING months of intensive effort, the Fulton County Branch of the Mohawk and Hudson River Humane Society opened its new animal shelter in Gloversville, New York, recently.

Victor Hyde, Vice-President of the Fulton County Society, and chairman of the event, welcomed the guests who had gathered to witness the ceremonies and inspect the buildings, and then turned the program over to the master of ceremonies, Bentley P. Sook, General Manager of the Mohawk and Hudson River Humane Society.

After introducing a number of speakers including Mrs. Floyd Walter, President of the Mohawk and Hudson River Humane Society, the Hon. Joseph R. Younglove, President of the Fulton County Branch and various City and County officials, Mr. Sook presented the key speaker on the program, John C. Macfarlane, representing the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. In greeting the guests Mr. Macfarlane said: "I bring you congratulations from Dr. Eric H. Hansen, President of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A." Mr. Macfarlane continued, "I consider it a great privilege to be with you today, and I am especially impressed by the magnificent and awe-inspiring setting of towering pines.

"In speaking of the beauty of this spot I am not forgetting the functional qualities of your shelter. Again noting my wide acquaintance with shelters everywhere I say to you that you may well take pride in the fine buildings, the modern cages, spacious runways and excellent equipment. . . .

"In closing I want to thank you for the opportunity to participate in today's ceremonies and again congratulate you on your splendid achievement."

In the illustration below, (left to right) are: John C. Macfarlane, Mrs. J. Meyer Schine, Mrs. Floyd Walter and Bentley P. Sook.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE



Photo by Georgia Englehard

## Woof! Woof!

By Maud Mero Doolittle

Young Mister Grey Rabbit  
Hopped into a garden  
Of carrots and lettuce and peas.  
"I'll stay here for breakfast,"  
He said, "and I'll nibble  
As long and as much as I please."  
But while he was tasting  
A leaf of new lettuce,  
He lifted his head in surprise,  
For something was saying  
"Woof! Woof!" It was speaking  
To him! It was twice his own size.  
It kept talking louder,  
And Mister Grey Rabbit  
Had nothing he wanted to say,  
So he turned, and slipped under  
The fence, and went hopping  
And hopping and hopping away.  
Then young Mister Cocker  
Stopped saying, "Woof, Woof!"  
He sat in the garden alone.  
He didn't like carrots,  
Or lettuce, or peas.  
So he dug up his favorite bone.

Answer to Christmas Puzzle: ACROSS—1. As, 3. Star, 5. Nut, 6. Slate, 7. Pie, 8. Lo, 10. Darns, 12. Son, 13. On, 14. Ton, 16. Gem, 17. So. DOWN—1. At, 2. Santa, 3. Silent, 4. Rue, 6. Sir, 7. Pan, 8. Log, 9. One, 10. Do, 11. S. O. S., 15. No.



## "Stumbletoes" Diary

By Estelle Delano Clifton

**S**TUMBLETOES!" That's a funny name to give me! But people are funny creatures anyway. Sometimes I don't understand them at all, and sometimes I don't think they understand me either.

For instance, I don't see why I shouldn't play with slippers if I want to. I like slippers. But my master said he would have to scold me if I chewed up any more. I don't mind now, though, because he gave me a ball and things to play with. He said they were to be my very own.

The folks say my paws are so big they keep stumbling over them. I heard them say, too, that I would be very handsome when I grew up. But that doesn't mean anything to me.

It's funny, though, that I do have such big feet. It's funny that I'm little and black and not big and tall like my master. He knows why, of course, because he knows almost everything.

Sometimes, though, I think I know more about some things than even he does. Of course he knows how to talk with words, but I have ways of talking, too. And sometimes I hear things that he doesn't seem to hear at all. Well, anyway, I think I'll go out and play. This is a funny thing. I can't even get out of the door without my master's help. I do wish he'd pay some attention to me. Guess I'll nuzzle him.

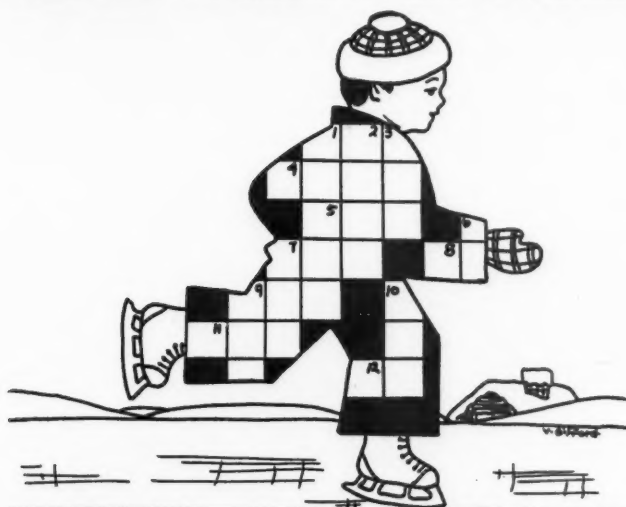
It worked! And out I go! Too bad my master has only two legs. He can't run around the fields fast like I can. Sometimes he doesn't seem happy at all. That's when I keep close to him. He seems to like it, too, because he plays with my ears. Then he rolls me over and says: "You're a great little pup, even if you are all black."

Well, guess I'll curl up and go to sleep for awhile. I'm glad I have a good master. I hope he has one, too.

Have you an interesting story about your pet, one that you think other boys and girls would like to read? If so, we should be glad to have you send it in. If you have a good, clear picture of yourself and pet send that too. The story should be short, and, of course, your own composition. Give your age and have your mother or teacher certify that the story is original with you.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE



- | ACROSS                             | DOWN                 |
|------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. TO KNOCK.                       | 1.                   |
| 4. LOW MURMURING OF A PLEASED CAT. | 2. DRY.              |
| 5. A FALSEHOOD.                    | 3. BEFORE.           |
| 7. A COLOR.                        | 6. RIVER IN ITALY.   |
| 8. TO ACHIEVE.                     | 7.                   |
| 9.                                 | 9. FIRST MONTH-ABBV. |
| 11.                                | 10. FROZEN WATER.    |
| 12. NOTE IN MUSICAL SCALE.         |                      |

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

## "Daisy"

By Rosalyn Rosenthal

**D**AISSY" was just an ordinary dog, with a little bit of every breed. But I loved her just the same. She followed me like a shadow.

Next to me, Daisy loved "Snowball," a white fluffy kitten. It was adorable to see her carrying the kitten gently between her jaws. Sometimes I think that perhaps Snowball did not always enjoy her ride.

Her best friend was "Trix," a dog who lived down the street. Every morning they used to wrestle together. The only thing Daisy ever had against her friend, was that Trix loved to chase Snowball up a tree.

Daisy is not living now, but I shall never forget her.

*Happy New Year To All!*

January 1951

## A True Story

By Kenneth Hutchins (Age 8)

**L**AST week when I went out in the garage to swing, I found a female robin. She had flown in through one of the broken panes of glass and was trying to fly out through one of the unbroken panes of glass. My father took her in his hands and let her rest and when she had rested my father let her fly to her nest.

## My Cat

By Janet E. Mansfield (Age 11)

I have a cat, her name is "Fluffy"  
She's not a sissy, but a tuffy.  
Fluffy sleeps out when it's hot  
She's made a bed in the next-door lot.  
When all the dogs are out of sight  
This good pet makes a speedy flight  
To the door with a loud, "Meow"  
To wake someone up—maybe me, or thou!  
Hurrying we get some milk and dish,  
And also some meat or fine, fresh fish;  
After she finishes she washes her face  
Then scoots back to bed at a speedy pace.



Photo by Ed Stephan, Record-American

Jerry and Theresa Griffin of Roxbury, anxiously watch while Dr. William A. Wilcox, of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, examines their little dog, "Happy." After a careful check-up the Doctor gave them a prescription and advice on the care and feeding of their pet, and the three of them started off happily for home.



# Don't Forget Our Animal Friends

By Weldon D. Woodson

AT Christmas time animals, both domesticated and wild, possess a double distinction: they may be the receiver of a gift, or the gift itself, to some lonely little boy or girl, or, for that matter, to adults.

Take a look at what occurred last Christmas atop California's snowy Mt. Wilson, where the huge telescope is located, and on nearby Mt. Alba, where NBC's television station is situated. At these places the wild creatures had a gala time. Franklin L. Dunn, assistant engineer at the station, and other personnel decorated a six-foot evergreen with strings of cranberries, garlands of popcorn, and hundreds of pieces of apple, potato, orange, carrot and suet (the last for the benefit of the birds.)

After transporting his festooned and garlanded tree to the observation grounds, Dunn stuck two fingers in his mouth and shattered the stillness with a series of whistles. A dark gray shape moved among the snow-laden trees, paused to sniff the air while a pair of mule-like ears scanned the hilltop like a questing radar screen. Reassured, the shape detached itself from the sheltering pines and minced cautiously toward Dunn and his tree.

It was "Jimmy," a 17-year-old buck deer. Tailing him was "Bucky," a six-year-old beautifully antlered animal. Then, one at a time, appeared "Nan," a plump doe who has produced twins every spring for several years; "Phoebe," one of Nan's twins; "Blackie," a doe who is often of an unpleasant disposition but was on her good behavior; "Sad Sack," an unhappy-looking doe and a half-dozen others. They all, and later, busy-tailed squirrels and birds, crested woodpeckers, Stellar jays, chickadees, juncos



Photo by J. W. B. Walker

*Hungry deer foraging for food after an unusually heavy snow fall.*

—partook of the bountiful feast on the animal Christmas tree.

Now, go to Baltimore, where Mrs. Hazel W. Frese told a reporter that she felt that she was "too poor financially to aid humans or animals at present," but thanks to "our low-cost U. S. postage I can mail out a few best wishes for them." So she penned identical letters in red ink and on stationery inscribed "Hazel W. Frese, collector of animal-ana," and sent them to the mayors of 103 cities.

Of the replies, typical was that of Mayor James Hearn of Wilmington, Delaware: "I, too, am a great lover of animals." He assured her that he would pray for them, and humans, too.

Her letter said in part:

"Hope your city's animals are being nice to the humans and the humans nice to the animals; and all are being nice to you, their Mayor, in their best two or four-footed manner."

## OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors two radio programs.

In Boston, "Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 9:00 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 9:15 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!

## RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Life	\$500.00	Asso. Annual	\$10.00
Sustaining Annual	100.00	Active Annual	5.00
Supporting Annual	50.00	Annual	2.00
Contributing Annual	25.00	Children's	1.00

The annual meeting of our two Societies will be held Tuesday, February 27, 1951.

Please remember the Societies in making your will. See opposite page for form of bequest.



## "Yes, We Said WIRTHMORE"

— these Great Danes all agree!  
"It is the only dog food they never tire of," says their owner. Their basic diet is WIRTHMORE meal and water, plus leftovers, vegetables, and horse meat. Between meals they get WIRTHMORE pellets. WIRTHMORE gives them needed vitamins, minerals, and A.P.F., the recently developed factor found to be so important in a dog's diet. In addition, WIRTHMORE DOG FOOD is economical. Used steadily, it will help your dog to be healthy and happy, and will save you money, too.

Buy WIRTHMORE DOG FOOD at any Wirthmore Feeds Store. Ask the dealer for our Dog Booklet containing suggestions on care and feeding, or write  
**WIRTHMORE DOG FOOD**  
177 Milk Street  
Boston 9, Mass.

Wirthmore Dog Food is "Better than Ever"  
Buy it today from your local Wirthmore Feed Dealer.  
Try Wirthmore on your Dogs—See how they go for it.  
Buy Wirthmore Dog Meal and Pellets from  
S. S. Pierce Co.'s 7 Stores in Greater Boston.

Other nearby dealers are, John Gilbert, Jr., Co., 236 Boylston St., Boston; Iver Johnson Sporting Goods Co., 155-157 Washington St., Boston; C. H. Ludlam & Co., 68 Franklin St., Boston; Skipton Kennel Shop, 682 Huntington Ave., Boston; Margus Kennel Shop, 1427 Beacon St., Brookline; A. H. Proctor & Co., 617 Concord Ave., Cambridge; Thomas F. Culkeen, Charlestown; The Whittemore Co., 30 Harrison St., Roslindale; Beaver Brook Grain Co., Waltham; The Dog Shop, 51 Washington St., Wellesley Hills.

Since 1832  
**J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, Inc.**  
**Funeral Service**  
Local—Suburban—Distant

**THIS SPACE  
CONTRIBUTED**

### TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

**I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of .....**  
**dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)**

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

## 1950 BOUND VOLUME OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Place your order now for the 1950 bound volume of Our Dumb Animals, attractively bound in blue cloth, with gold letters, which will be ready for distribution the latter part of January. It contains informative articles and stories on nature and animal care, and appealing verse, 240 pages, with approximately 200 story-telling pictures.

We still have a few copies of the 1948 and 1949 Bound Volumes on hand. If you have not had yours yet, send for one now.

Price — \$2.00 each

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

180 Longwood Ave.  
Boston 15, Mass.

## WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ANIMALS?

A new leaflet, most attractively illustrated with drawings of children and animals, for the use of teachers in forming Animal Clubs, with suggested programs for keeping up the interest of the children. A sample leaflet will be gladly sent upon request.

**ALBERT A. POLLARD**  
Director of Education  
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

## SPECIAL OFFER

We are still offering a subscription to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** for one year, with a set of 10 story-telling pictures, 8" x 9" on heavy coated paper, 11" x 12", for \$2.00. These may be sent to any address you wish.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

180 Longwood Ave.  
Boston 15, Mass.

## BOOKPLATE

"Copy Cat" and "Tiny"

Special design for Animal lovers, showing cat and dog.

25 bookplates .....	\$ .50
50 bookplates .....	.85
100 bookplates .....	1.50

## Our Dumb Animals

180 Longwood Ave.  
Boston 15, Mass.

# Starting Right!

**Y**ES, let's make a resolution right now to start the New Year right. After all what would the New Year be without a resolution? And we offer this one as something that can be carried out without a lot of personal sacrifice.

*Here is your resolution:*

**RESOLVED:** That in this year of 1951, I will send subscriptions to five more libraries, schools or families than I did last year.

See how easy it is, and yet, you will be giving entertainment and sound education to many, many people. You will be one with us in endeavoring to build character and increase kindness to animals.

To paraphrase Winston Churchill's famous words, "Never did so little mean so much to so many."

As you know, the subscription price of *Our Dumb Animals* is now \$1.50 a year, but we are making a special offer to those sending in five or more subscriptions at the same time — a very much reduced rate of \$1.00 a subscription.

Won't you make up your mind *now* to carry out this resolution. Just fill in the blank, add additional names and send with your check to *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

## New Year's Club

**This certifies that you are one of those extraordinary persons  
who keeps his New Year's resolutions.**

I enclose my check for \$..... Please send a year's subscription (or subscriptions) to OUR DUMB ANIMALS to the following:

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....

(Additional names may be sent on a separate sheet)

YOUR NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....



